

The terrible, horrible,
MONSTER
OF THE
WEST

WITH

A Hydra head, Argulian-eyes,

Infernall-Mouth, Infectious-Breath, Tygerian-Clawes, and of a Camellion Colour; so that it devours men, women, and children: it eats a whole Iland to a Breakfast, three Kingdomes to a Dinner, and a Common-wealth to a Supper; swallow a Church, Steeple and all at a Mouthfull, a Court at a Collation, eat a Mannor between meals, hath devoured above five thousand families in this Nation; Making *Sawce* with *Excise, Assessments, Sequestrations, &c.* It drinketh nothing but *Blood*, and voids *Acts, Orders, Engagements, Treasons, Rebellions, Murthers.*

It was bred in this Ile, and is but nine years old
Novemb. 3. 1650. God save the King.

*Gentlemen, pray come in, and doe not thinke Sir,
'Tis Gerbiers Puppet-play or th' Water-drinker:
This is a reall Monster, bred in this Ile,
No Trundles Dragon, nor made Crocodile,
To cheat good people with: no juggle, gull,
And yet 'tis all, a Cheat, a juggle, Bull.*

WESTMINSTER:
Printed *Cum Privilegio*, where this strange BEAST
is to be scene all Christmas long. 1649.



The Spea kers of the Shew.

Carolina; an ancient Shepheard.

Rusticus, a Countrey Hynde.

Doll Turnup,
and
Madge Crab, } two notorious Scolds.

Toby Tell-troth, Shower of the Properties.

The



The terrible, horrible,
M O N S T E R
 O F T H E
W E S T.

Loud Musick within, composed of the scraping of Trenchers, the creaking of Cart-wheels, the hagger-wawling of Cats, the schreeching of Owles, and howling of Dogs.

Enter two Scolds, drunk, and upbraiding each other.

1 *Scol.* A pox on thee for a Whore, a nitty-brech'd whore, that canst make thy brags, that thou *laist* with a Parliament-man in a House of Office at *Lambeth*, and *knock'st* with him for six pence thou Jade; thou cripple-brech'd Jade.

2 *Scol.* Marry foh, cack, and smell too't; come up my darty Cozen, I never was taken with Mr. *Martin*, nor yet with Mr. *Weaver* at the Abby-Church-Porch thou W-h-o-r-e; Marry come up Gammar-Grovers-Bitch; doe ye bite, doe ye girne, doe ye grumble? I never was taken in the *Watch*, when the Bawdy *band* of the *Diall* stood upon the *Prick* of one in the Night, thou queane; crack me that Nut, crack me that Nut, Mistress *Troilus*; nor I was never sent to *Bridewell*, nor the *Comer*, thou drunken *Pif-pot*: come, come, thy Neighbours know what thou art — well enough.

1 *Scol.* A Whore thou art, and a drunken fortish Whore; Mr. *Martin* shall know how thou abusest him, thou Jade.

2 *Scol.* Mr. *Martin* kisse my *bung-hole*, will he not; I scorn him, and all the rest of the —

1 *Scol.* What, what, thou Whore?

2 *Scol.* You may goe looke Hussy; come, come, I shall see ye at the Cats-arfe ere long, with two *Servitors* in *Liveries* attending thee with Dog-Whips.

1 *Scal.* Ah thou Whore, thou art the Hangmans Whore, wilt lie with a Tinker for two pence ; thou two peny Whore.

Enter Toby with a Bastinado, & cudgels them about the Stage.

Tob. Come ye here to scold, where I should shew my *Mon-*
ster ye queans ? Ile conjure the Devil out of you — *lays on.*

Both Scolds. O thou Rogue, thou white-liver'd Rogue, thou
Cunt-purse Rogue, thou art burnt in the hand for a Rogue.

Tob. Nay, Ile give you your pay.

They run off, and Toby after them.

Enter Carolina and Rusticus.

Car. Here on these flowry Plaines, (now made a barren
With care I kept my thriving Flock, desert)

No *Wolf* nor *Fox* durst prey upon my *Lambs*;

My teeming *Ewes* in safety here did feed :

My tender *Lambs* forsooke their Teats

To listen to my Pipe,

Tracing Meanders o're the dew-swol'n grasse,

Whilst every *Primrose*, and humble *Violet*

Did bend his unctious head,

Bedeckt with Morning pearls.

Rich as *Dame Nature* self did were,

To grace our innocent sports ; but now alas !

This monstrous *Wolf* has seiz'd on all my *Flock*

Kill'd the chiefe *Shepherd* of *Arcadia* ;

But his blest *Pipe*, that Angels stoo'd to heare,

His *Crook* is broke, his *Strip* is tane away,

And all his *Sheep* scatter'd and gone astray.

I cannot speake for grieve, his tender *Lambs*

Are forc'd from the soft Teats of their owne *Dams*.

Their *snowy fleeces*, (white as Innocence)

Tore from their Flesh by pricking *Brayers*,

All means of Life is from them tane away,

And *Albion* white, become a *Golgotha*.

Rust. A vengeance take 'um, that made it so : I'me zure
they've undone me, and all the Country besides ; they say 'tis
Cromwell, but I think 'tis the Deel rules them, they've all my
Horses before (a blague on 'um,) and now because I had not
Money to give them for *Zur Thomas*, they have taken my
white

white Bullock too, and they've blundered me over, and over again; now they come for Zur *Thomas* again, and because che had it not to give 'um, they drove away my red Cow too, and zold her before my vace; a pox take 'um vor a company of cheating Knaves: now they have zited me before a Committee as they call it, & they may be as very Knaves as themselves for ought I know; my neighbour *Rudge* saies they will goe neere to hang me; let 'um if they, chad better be hang'd then starv'd, honest Shepheard, you zeem to be a wise man, wou'd you'd give me zome Counsell what to doe?

Car. Sit downe and weep with me.

Rust. No: I heard my mother say I could never cry in all my life, no, no, hang't upon a task, crying will neither mar, nor mend it, come man, rise up and goe with me, I have one Groat left still to comfort our hearts, and if thou wilt go with me to the three *Tuns* in *Bedlam*, Ile spend two pence on't, and with the other pence, wee'l zee the strange Monster at *Westminster*, that eats men, women, and children.

Car. Thou saist true *Rusticus*: well, Ile goe with thee; for I am grown desperate through my poverty, and would entertaine any courtesie to banish melancholly.

Rust. Wee'le goe and zee't yfaith then; here is a fine place let's zit downe it will, begin presently.

Car. Thou hast prevail'd, I am content to stay,
My grieve to unburthen, I end th'irksome day.

Sound loud Musick, as before: Enter Toby

Tell-troth to show the Monster.

Gentlemen,

BEhold this Beast; from Hell 'twas sent,
And is the *Embleme* of this *Parliament*:
I told you at the first, it was no *Gull*,
And now you finde the *Chear*, and bait the *Bull*,
That *Elip-Murder*, that from *Basan* came,
Begot betweene the *Devill* and his *Dame*.
When *Cain* did kill his Brother, this Monster
Look'd on and laugh'd, and hug'd the Murderer:
When *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* gainst *Moses* did rebell,
He saw the sport, and lik'd it wondrous well.

(4)

When *Jeroboam* caus'd *Israel* to sin,
This *Beast* you see, was then his next of kin:
When *Jehu* so furiously did ride,
This very *Monster* did he then bestride:
When *Zimri* and *Cozby* in vile Lust did joyne,
This *Beast* was *Pandar* at the very time;
When *Amnon* did his Sister chaste defile,
This *Beast* stood by, and watch'd the while:
When *Abulom* would goe to pay his Vow,
This *Monster* mov'd him to his overthrow.
When *Shimei* did trumpet forth his Treason,
This *Beast* did say *Sedition* was in season.
When *Rabekah* did raile, revile and curse,
This *Monster* taught him; and hath since done worse.
When *Judas* with a kisse did Christ betray,
This *Monster* then did make it Holliday.
When *Ananias* and *Sapphira* to *Paul* did lie,
This *Beast* deceiv'd them with delusions lie.
When murdering *Papists* came in eighty eight,
This very *Beast* for blood did lie in wait. (son,
What they but thought in that dam'd Powder-trea-
This *Beast* hath finish'd, without grace or reason;
And still doth murder, and in sin goe on,
Till he hath finish'd his destruction.

Pray Gentlemen draw nizerer and touch it, it is now full of blood, and will sit still, and let you stroke it, feeble but on the *Buttocks* on't, they are as hard as the knees of a Camell with sitting; nine years has this Monster fare, and yet is not wearie. It is so fruitfull, that it hath begot *Legions*, which are called tormentors, (much like our Army our Sequestrators, Committee, & Examine-men) that provide it prey. It was so hungry, that when it was but a little above a year old, it swallowed 24 Bishops, Bishopricks, Deans, Prebends, Chapters, Doctors, &c. and yet was as hungry as at the first; it then eat up twentieth parts, Subsidies, Meal-money, Court and Conduit-Money, Exchequer, and the devil and all, and yet was as hungry as ever; It then came to Sequestrations, eat up whole families, Recusants, all the estates of those that fought for the King, sequestrated and sold, and yet as hungry as ever. It

It came then to the Kings *Customs*, which it swallowed at a mouthfull, & yet was unsatisfied as ever. It came to the Citie, and there it devour'd *S. Pauls Church*, eat the very Scaffolds and bones of the dead, Stones, Altar, Church, Steeple, Organ-Pipes, and all, and yet as hungry as ever. It came to *White-Hall*, and there it chopt up the Head of the *Owner*, our ever sacred King, banqueted in his bloud, eat up all his Revenues, Honors, Manors, Hereditaments, Forests, Parks, Chales, Trees, Venison, and all; and yet not satisfied, but it gobled up all the Kings, Queenes, & Princes goods, not sparing the very *Huggings*, but devoured all. It went to the House of Peers, & there it eat up all the *Nobility* save *Philip Earl of Pembroke*, *Grey of Rooby*, *Salisbury*, *Denbigh*, and some say swallowed them too, but presently evacuated them out backward, that they have bin shitten *Nobility* ever since. It went to *Black-Fryers* and the *Fortune Play-houses*, and there it eat up the Benches, Galleries, Stages, nay, their very Hell and Heaven to boot. It went to the Kings *Wardrobe*, and there it eat up all the Kings Sutes, Stockings, Shooes, Boots, Bands, Shirts; nay, at his death eat the very haire of his head. It went to the *Tower*, & there it eat up the Unicorns horne, the *Trowres*, the silver Candle-sticks, all the Armor, Cannons, & Demy-Cannons; not so much as *Roaring-Meg* escap'd it, nor yet *Will Summers* his Armor. It went into the *Country*, & there it eat up the *common people* by Free-Quarter, Assessements for *Sir Thomas*, Excise, and a thousand wayes swallowed & destroyed them, their wives and children. It went to *Sea*, & there it eat up all the Kings *Navy*, Customs, &c. It no sooner landed, but it swallowed the whole *Armada*, all the *Lanes* & *Statues* of the Land, all his Majesties Forts, Townes, Castles, Cities, & yet is as unsatisfied as ever. It went to Hang mans *Acre*, and there it eat up *the man in the Moore's Presse*, Letters, Books, and all. It took a *Purge*, when it had over-gorg'd its *Bemack*, and spew'd nothing but *rotten Members*, Presbyter Jacks, corrupt Ordinances, Votes, Orders, and the like; it fell sick of the *blondie Flux*, & voided nothing but bloud, and was cured by Doct *Pride*, and Mistris *Lust*, one of *Cromwells* Witches. It made account to swallow Lieutenant Col. *John Lilburne*, but he was too hard to be digested.

Ever

Ever since it hath a Head like *Pluto's Forge*, to hammer out all Mischiefs, to ruine Mankind; it hath Eyes that will poyson a *Basiliske* halfe a mile off; and a Breath so infected with *Perjurie*, that it will kill a *Spider* on the Seeling of their *Rebellious House*; it hath a Braine so subtil & intricate, that it will deceive a *Serpent*; it hath Teeth so sharp, that it devours all that it layes hold on; it is so *daintie*, that it will eat a King to Breakfast, a *Marquesse*, an *Earl*, and a *Lord* at a *Meale*; it hath a stomach like an *Ostrich*, not onely to digest Iron, but Silver, Gold, &c. it hath a Heart double & treble gilt with *Treason*, *Blasphemie*, *Murther*, &c. it hath a *Punch* as insatiate as *Hell*, what ever enters, never is seen again, & yet cries, *More, more*; in fine, it is the picture of the father of *Disobedience*, & is held no *Bastard*, because so like him; it hath also *Legions*, that swarm in every place to doe mischief. This is the nature of the Beast, his tricks & qualities; here it is to be seene all the holy-days of the year: and so, *God save King Charles the Second*.

Russ. 'Tis pretty, yfaith; I understand it, as dull an Ass as I am: this is a right *Monster* indeed, & very prettily showne.

Caro. And nothing but truth:
The men at *Westminster* will suppress this Sport.
Come, let's goe;
This is the Tragedie of all our woe.

Tob. True! Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis as true as the Bible.
Pray Gentlemen stay, Ile speak the *Epilogue*, and then adue.

Russ. I, I, with all our hearts.

THE EPILOGUE.

Gentlemen, you've view'd this Monster well,
Sent forth in Legions to make England Hell:
If (like *Saint George*) you doe not kill this Beast,
England (wroug'd *Virgin*) will want Peace and Rest.
You need not thinke in this but you doe well,
Conquer but this, you conquer Sinne and Hell.
Your King is coming, arm'd with *Revengefull Zeale*,
To kill this Monster of the Common-weale.
O lend your helping hand, and at one blow
Destroy this Monster, that breeds Englands woe.
Then will you be secure from its fierce jawes,
Have home your King, enjoy your Lives and Lawes.

F I N I S.